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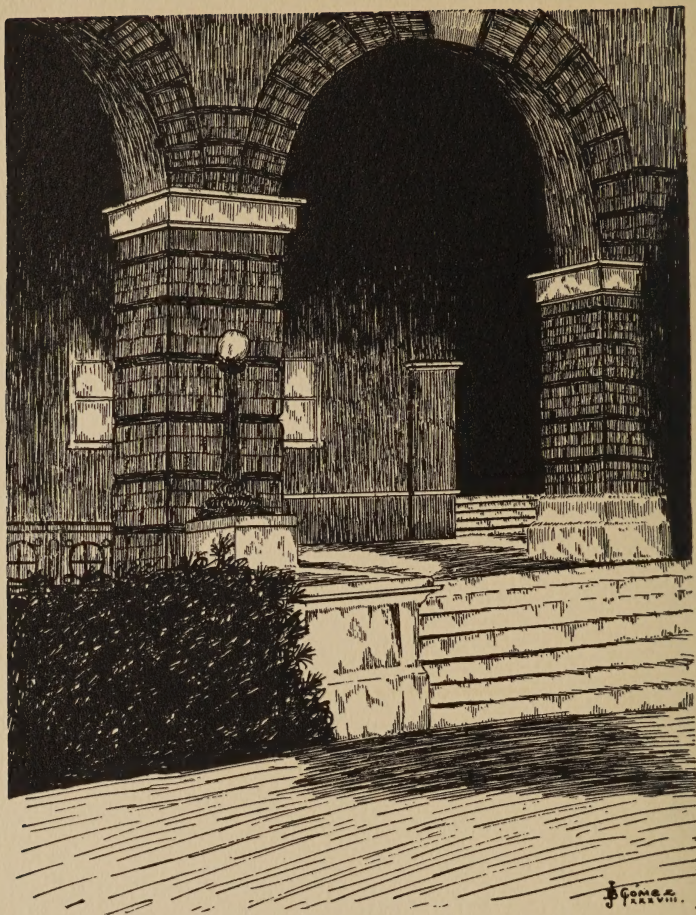
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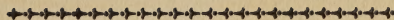
SHIP AHOY!



HOME PORT

DAMOZEL

COLLEGE OF
NOTRE DAME
OF MARYLAND



1-9-3-8

WITH SINCERE AFFECTION AND DEEP ADMIRATION

THE CLASS OF 1938 DEDICATES THE DAMOZEL

TO

SISTER MARY FRANCES, S.S.N.D.

PRESIDENT

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief

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ELIZABETH STONE, '38

THERESA HELLDORFER, '39

Art Staff

BERTHA GOMEZ, '38

MARY WARTHER, '38

VIRGINIA ELLIOTT, '40

CONCHITA ORTIZ, '40

Introduction

HAVE you wondered why we should choose a sea-motif as background for this book of ours? It is not, as one might suppose, a poetic device for convenience nor is it a response to the vagabond call that makes us all want to go down to the sea. Neither can it be attributed to any romantic desire that might link us in spirit with another Maryland institution, although a few Seniors would privately favor that explanation. Essentially, our love for things nautical has a very practical significance.

When *S.S. Junior Prom* was gloriously launched one February night, the elaborate detailed decoration of the gym must surely have hinted of hours spent in tedious labor, patiently sewing crêpe paper sea to crêpe paper sky—miles of it—constructing rails and erecting complicated pilars. We did it—all thirty-two of us. After the evening had long passed into the realm of memories, there remained a very much alive spirit which drew our class together with a stronger tie than ever before.

It was not so important to us that we won *Sing Song* this year as it was to realize that in ten days, confronted with a complete change of plan, every single Senior had devoted all her talent and in-

dustry to developing our *Outward Bound* idea. Indeed, we were happy passengers that night with a mutual faith and understanding deeper than we had thought possible. It was no one's personal achievement—the responsibility, the initiative, the labor, all were shared. Now you know why it seemed only fitting that in this DAMOZEL, our last gift to Notre Dame, beloved home port, we should employ a nautical theme.

Just as the sea has served to join us with bonds of affection to each other, of admiration to the faculty, of loyalty to the school, so it is the same sea which sends us forth to sail our separate courses on graduation day. We like to think of ourselves as sturdy sailing vessels. Reluctantly leaving our native land, it is not spray alone we dash from our eyes as we wave to those who stand on the wharf. We would much rather imagine that the winds are always brisk and favorable, the sky bright and clear, and the adventure pleasant and profitable. We know this is too much to expect. But when the storms do rage and the greedy waves leap up to engulf us, a cargo secured with firmly-entrenched principles, heavy with valuable knowledge, will keep us riding an even keel. If in our journey we should find ourselves becalmed with sails limp and a hot sun mercilessly blistering our decks, then with

quiet assurance we can refresh ourselves by partaking of the spiritual treasure stored below for just such an emergency. It is for these reasons that the Seniors weigh anchor and unfurl sails with proud confidence.

You have read our dedication, but we want to add a little more. The Class of 1938 has always felt it belonged especially to Sister Frances, for with us she came to Notre Dame College. The dedication expresses as well as words ever do how we feel about her. We would not have you leave this page, however, until we have told you how grateful we are to Sister Mary Angeline, whose unfailing encouragement and constant assistance have helped to give us a DAMOZEL which is the answer to our heart's desire.

PASSENGER LIST



AVE MARIA BURNS
Brooklyn, New York
Captain of the Ship

Shining from the lighthouse,
Far-flung beam—
Warm, protective,
Unfailing steady influence
Guiding storm-tossed barks
Through dangerous channels.
Pounding surf
Will never shake foundation.

Forbidding tower? Look within.
Cozy hearthfire, purring kitten,
Intimate laughter,
Family strong with love and faith,
Content to live alone—
Proud to keep the vigil light
Burning forevermore.



ELLEN LENORE CHAFFINCH

Denton, Maryland

South Sea beach.

Playtime.

Slim girl

Plunges into the breakers

With gay abandon—

She basks in sleepy sunlight

Lying on her back, watching

Sea-gulls, slow-wheeling circles,

Float with motionless wings.

Night-time.

Smooth rhythm drifts downwind,

Playful words lightly bandied.

Moontime.

Same dark-haired girl

Listening sympathetically,

Brings sweet solace.



MARGARET CECELIA CHLAN

Baltimore, Maryland

Stormy petrel,
Graceful winged herald
Of approaching gale,
Faithfully your duty is performed.
With self-reliance
Born of native instinct,
Painstaking practice,
You ride the rolling waters.

Uplifted
By sweet seriousness
You lean on the greater strength
Which caused apostle Peter
Whose name you bear,
To defy the snatching wave-hands
Seeking to drag him downward
As he walked
The Sea of Galilee.



GRETCHEN CHRISTIAN

Elmira, New York

Surprising sea-bound stream
Of endless variation,
Wends its shaded way
Through the forest of cool realism,
Abruptly emerging
Into star-touched fields of talent
Creating image-words, imprisoning life-pictures.

With sudden reckless rebellion
At approaching oblivion in ocean depths
It betrays a child-like impulse
Of refreshing impetuosity.

Stronger current
Drives a new and purposeful course,
Baring the fiery sympathy of a dream-maker's
 soul,
Tempered in chill waters of practicality—
Understanding keenly, caring deeply.



MARY MAGDALENE COONEY
Baltimore, Maryland

Within the gates of a friendly port
Her sails securely furled
A proud frigate rests.
Evenness of placid motion
Displays calm assurance.
No blustering storm
Will tear her from her moorings—
Fastened to a rocky bottom
A stalwart anchor clings.

Unswerving strength
Resisting shifting sands
Chains safe
The buoyant spirit of the floating ship.



RUTH LOWE CRAWFORD
Baltimore, Maryland

Skillfully carved prow
Adorning noble man-of-war
Cuts incisively
Through turbulent and swelling billows.
Finely chiseled bow,
No figurehead are you.
When icy blockade looms
You take up your work sturdily
Preparing the way
With ceaseless activity.

Fearlessly
You proceed ahead,
Exploring each newly-set course
With deliberate discretion,
Swift courage.



ANNA MARIA DI STEFANO
Baltimore, Maryland

Old-world enchantment
Breathing
Spirit of quaint Italian village.
Multi-colored costumes,
Sun-kissed hillside,
Flowers as blue as the bay below,
Girl at village well
Balancing water-jug—
Eyes soft and velvet brown.

Wide seas may separate
Yet this picture remains
In the heart of an artist,
Along with a dreaming,
A grasping for spheres
Unknown to human mind.



ELLEN CATHERINE DUNN
Baltimore, Maryland

Far up in the mountains
Aloof, unspoiled,
A crystal-clear spring
Is stored with priceless treasure.
A pebble might be dropped
And many a widening circle
Would mar the quiet surface
Before the bottom of the spring was touched.

A contemplative, you ask? But no.
Many the supple, young birch,
The thirsty hillside pine,
Fed from unfathomed depths
Of this mountain spring.



MARTHA ELAINE EVANS
Baltimore, Maryland

A girl on a high bluff
Challenges the storm-swept ocean.
Salt spray stings her face,
Wind whips her hair,
But with head lifted to the rising gale
She stands undaunted,
Immobile.

Her eyes shine as she plays
A fearless accompaniment
To wind and wave.
Strains, sweet or spirited,
Speak from the violin
Tucked beneath her chin.



VIRGINIA MARIE FUSTING
Baltimore, Maryland

Racing sloop,
Skimming foam-green seas.
Clean, white sails inclined
To lightly touch the wave-tops—
Then swinging up again
Decisively.

Every deck-rail burnished bright,
Every spar fresh-scrubbed.
Hatches safely battened down
Secure from storm.
Well-ordered cargo lies below.

Speed on, O Sloop,
With rhythmic grace—
Forward, swiftly forward!



LUZ MARIA DE GOENAGA
San Juan, Puerto Rico

Tiny sea-shells—
Myriads tumbled on the shore.
See this one's distinctive beauty
Exquisitely fashioned. It lies apart,
Independent, elusive.
Patterns of light and shade.
Tints of pastel colors
Blend delicately.

Little shell!
If I place you to my ear
Will you murmur low
Of far-off, beloved things,
Softly . . . wistfully?



BERTHA JOSEFINA GOMEZ
San Juan, Puerto Rico

Palms whispering the wind song
Sibilantly. . . .
Tide ebbing from a silver beach
Leisurely. . . .

Where the star-studded path of the moon
Reflects in tropical, midnight waters
A small boat glides—
Neat sails, trim lines
Finely etched.
From the open deck
Echoes of tinkling voices,
Gay, carefree, changing cadence.

A graceful girl's hand
Touches the strings of a guitar.



MARGARET GERTRUDE GIBLIN
Baltimore, Maryland

Phosphorescent sparkle
Half-hidden,
Glow beneath briny waters
Intermittently,
Gleaming with a brilliance
Subtle yet definite.

In sheltered inlet near the dock
Luminous shapes rise to meet
Dulcet lapping wave tones.

Out where the surf roars,
Phosphorescent sparkle
Responds to symphonic thunder-song
With an eager understanding,
Then fades again in shallow pools
Left by shattered breakers.



GERTRUDE B. GOLDBACH
Baltimore, Maryland

Low-riding cloud
Barely tops the leaping waves.
Pursuing easy-going course
It mixes whipped-cream vapor
With the steady grey smoke
Arising from a trimly riding yacht.

Undampened by impertinent spouting
Of a fabulous sea-horse
It pats him benignly.
As the fleecy cloud
Higher floats
It blushes
At the sun's bold glare
Troubled by no hint of rain
And sails serenely through the heavens.



MARY ELIZABETH GROB
Baltimore Maryland

West wind
Blowing briskly
Billows sails
And stretches them taut.
A passing bell-buoy bobs up and down
Sending shrill warning through the air.

West wind,
Throbbing with vitality,
Drives spume and foam before it.
Swimming stronger than the current,
It shakes the spray from its face,
Laughing deeply in its throat—
Nonchalant.



KATHERINE AUGUSTA GRUEBEL
Baltimore, Maryland

Pirate ship riding the harbor swell.
Cloud-hidden moon,
Forgotten isle,
Hooded lantern on the beach
Revealing
Radiant jewels. Finely-wrought
Beauty stored in brigand's chest.
Pieces of eight,
Glint of burnished gold,
Rare books of wisdom
Enshrining quiet thoughts.

He who seeks shall discover
Buried treasure.



MARY JANE KELLER
Baltimore, Maryland

Piercing blasts.
Cruise ship edges from the pier
Guided by snub-nosed tugs.

Last passenger
Stands at the rail
Waving a blithe farewell,
Calling gaily shoreward.
Vagrant bay breeze
Plays in her light-brown hair,
Silhouetting trim figure
Against a morning-sweet sky.
Eyes level with common sense,
Lips curve
With happy spontaneity.
Bon voyage!



MARIA DORIS KINLEIN
Ellicott City, Maryland

Northern star,
High winds cannot lash you
From your celestial post.
Angry, mounting seas
Will never touch your lowest point.
Storm clouds swiftly-driven
Come and go,
Still you shine
With conscientious method,
Noble purpose.

Planets may glow brighter,
Stars show greater size,
But, firm little light,
Seafarers trust their lives
To your eternal gleam.



GENE MARIE KLUG
Baltimore, Maryland

Far-off flicker
Of reassuring harbor lights.

Cross above the distant church
Alight with faith.
Candle in the cottage window
Burns steadily,
Telling of a table laid for two—
Steaming pot, singing kettle,
An open fire.
Lonely bulb swings on a cord
In a night-filled laboratory.
Scientist intent on tube and burner
Forgets time.

To the weary traveler
Far-off flicker
Means only blessed harbor lights.



ANNE MARY KUNKEL
Pinehurst, Maryland

Little bridge firmly anchored,
Spans the gap
Between a shadowy land
Of Make-Believe
And the earthy reality
Of a busy here-and-now.

Modest bridge, swept spic-and-span,
Hurrying travelers
Confident of your quiet strength
Accept your invitation to cross.
Speeding passers-by linger
Loathe to leave,
Entranced with demurely unexpected depths
Of an active current.



MARIE JOSEPHINE KUNKEL
Pinehurst, Maryland

Hidden in a forest pond
Screened by lacey ferns,
Water-lilies bloom.

Luxuriant, thick-white petals,
Soft as twilight's hush,
Petals tinged with pink
Pale as dawn's first blush,
By April raindrops undisturbed
Refresh the jaded soul.
They pulsate
With an inner glow,
Revealing
Loveliness serene.



GERTRUDE ELIZABETH MAHON
Ellicott City, Maryland

Cosmopolite,
Dresden China-doll,
Parisian fashion, accent French,
Fragile lace, satin ribbon.

Romance
Of Venetian canals—
Graceful gondola,
Dark-cloaked boatman
Poling through hushed waters.

Lantern moon hangs low,
Stars bend from the sky.
Fascinated world
Listens with finger on lips
To voice softer than soft
Murmuring from cushioned boat-depths.



MARY MARGARET DAY McINTYRE
Baltimore, Maryland

In the heart of Ireland
Nestles a sheltered village.
Emerald-green are the meadows,
Friendly the straw-thatched roofs.

But 'tis of the townsfolk
I would sing.
Far from turbulent water,
From restless sea,
They dwell in spiritual plenty—
To their plighted word
Steadfast.
Solemnity of deep-set eyes
Soon finds itself
Belied by merry twinkle,
Betrayed by mellow laugh.



GRACE ST. LEGER NORTON
Catonsville, Maryland

Deep-sea diver
Explores wondrous depths
With well-trained patience.
Meticulously she examines
Barriers of weed and rock
Lest unturned stone should hide
Rarest of pearls.

Fidelity to her task at hand,
True to the trust of those above,
Braving angry fin, tentacled fury,
Daring sudden drops, tangling sea-growths,
She forges ahead.
With those who linger idly
In the sunlight of the deck,
She is willing to share her treasures.



CLARE PATRICIA O'NEILL
Annapolis, Maryland

Fountain
Fed by salty ocean
Bubbles irrepressibly,
Effervescently.
Burning red-orange sun
Bathes its brilliant rays
In sparkling water.

Playful fountain
Reaching over boundaries
With friendly spray-filled fingers
Sprinkles thirsty flower-buds.

Dancing, foaming,
Iridescent
Miracle of reflected sun-gold.



MARY ROSALIE QUINN
Baltimore, Maryland

Flashing pennants. . . .
Voice of a mighty ship
Relaying signals with accurate precision,
Lightning-like speed,
Quick to grasp
Each new emergency.
Discerning eye,
Racing to the highest mast-point.

Saucy pennants,
Riotous color-darts in sombre rigging,
You flaunt your teasing impudence
To a vagabond breeze.
Yet, weft of sterner stuff
Though fierce winds tatter,
The fine fabric gives its service unreserved
To a higher cause.



CATHERINE FRANCES SACHS

Nutley, New Jersey

Lightsome breeze,
Playing tag with whitecaps,
Tousling scalloped wave-tops.
Friendly zephyr
Patting baby fleece-clouds.
Poetic breeze
Whispering colorful phrases
Far a-sea.

Brave little wind
Fading away at dusk
In violet-tinged vapor,
You rise again
Refreshed with dawn-hope.



MARY PATRICIA RYAN SMYTH
Pinehurst, Maryland

Woodland cascade
Following a frolicsome course
Scarcely heeds the jutting rock,
Ignores the looming precipice
Dashing spray through sunbeams.

Lithe-bounding cataract,
Falling with careful purpose
Masked behind light-heartedness,
Into a calm-deep pool.
Banked by jade-green grasses
Hiding long-stemmed violets,
Surface of translucent water
Mirrors
Red-orange, dark-flecked,
Velvet-luster of a tiger lily.



ELIZABETH CECILIA STONE

Baltimore, Maryland

Magic of uncharted seas,
Lure of land yet unexplored,
Reef and rock and fearful peril
Menace the adventurer.
But at the helm
One slender figure stands erect
With courage of conviction—
Steady hand! Keen intellect!
Sail on. . . .

Wind whistle and wide canvas bulge,
Groaning timbers strained,
Creaking hold with treasure laden.
Above the din of common things
A single, bell-clear song,
Rises triumphant.



MARY ANTHONY WARTHER
Baltimore, Maryland

Marine garden . . .
Glass-bottomed boat reveals
Tide-smoothed pebbles arranging flowers
In designs of mathematical perfection,
Unfailing accuracy—
Consummate artistry.

Wealth of extravagant foliage
Splashing colors,
Matched on a master's palette only.
Green-stemmed reeds for brushes.
Sky of eager blue—
Infinite canvas—
Dipping toward the water,
Waiting for the caressing touch
Of an artist's deft hand.



ADAH LOUISE WILCOX
San Juan, Puerto Rico

Mermaid,
Brimming over with careless merriment,
Impish mischief—
Rises from tempestuous seas
And perches on moss-covered rock.

Kindly maid,
Your bewitching song
Lures mariners to share your joy.

Wise siren,
Deep-hidden in your store of knowledge
Gleaned from ages past.
Instead
Coral-green comb
Tumbles yellow curls.



MARY WINIFRED WILCOX
San Juan, Puerto Rico

Lapping wavelets
Caress the side of a canoe
With gentle approbation.
Morning glows fresh with promise
Of another spring,
Constant hope of youth.

Out of mist, far from rapids,
Two figures come to life.
A boy, kneeling,
Paddles confidently.
Close beside him
Ash-blond hair frames
Shining blue eyes of the girl.



STAR OF THE SEA

LEAVES FROM A LOG-BOOK

Hiawatha's Arrows

*The slender gold-tipped feathers on the ground
Lie, sleep-brushed, in the shadows of the wood.
An aeon since, they drifted to the earth;
Now—tranquil as the music of the past.
The fragile Indian pipes and maidenhair
Grown round the shining arrows—now at rest;
No more to cleave the air with singing grace,
Shot from the bow by slim young hands of bronze.*

*The forest solitudes, as in his day,
Are filled with quiet dreaming, and their great
Hushed emptiness of old cathedral aisles
Is lonely with the wistfulness of age.
And still the dappled fawn and silver fish,
The wild geese winging through the evening sky
Are silent with the even breath of peace . . .
Still searching for his lost courageous heart.*

MARTHA NICHOLSON, '40.

Dick Prescott's Book Chest

GERTRUDE MAHON, '38

HE introduced me several years ago to Christopher Morley when he crawled up on a dusty shelf and selected from a fascinating array of titles, "Parnassus on Wheels."

"He's a man with the soul of a bookseller," he remarked. "Roger Mifflin is a veritable specimen of the rest of us." He rubbed the dust from his hands thoroughly into the fabric of his old tweeds. "The rest of us real booksellers, that is," he amended. "These young people that one runs into in the department stores often as not think the *Merchant of Venice* is a manual for high-pressure salesmanship."

Walking over to a large maple table in the center of the big homey-looking room that composed the reading-room of "Dick Prescott's Book Chest," he took a pinch of the fragrant tobacco which he kept in an old-fashioned container and stuffed it into his well-seasoned pipe. I thought, as I thumbed idly through the pages of Parnassus, that I had seldom seen a man who looked as satisfied with life as did Dick Prescott when he smoked that old briar. It was the same way with books. He held a book as though he were shaking hands

with the characters in it. Old friends he grasped with a loving tenderness. New efforts of favorite authors he greeted with expectant eagerness. He addressed a stranger with polite anticipation.

His shelves were deep and roomy because he liked to avoid putting side by side two books that could not get along. His method in keeping files was unique but simple, once Dick supplied the key. Since most of his customers were perfectly at home in the bookshop, Dick generally had plenty of time to devote to the uninitiated. On rare, momentous instances when *two* strangers stumbled into the bookshop, Dick genially dug out a bookworm to share his responsibility.

The "worms" were comfortably installed in deep leather chairs under circles of softly-shaded lights, or about long tables thoughtfully provided with thick pads of paper and somewhat stubby pencils for possible note-taking. At the far end of the room was a great fireplace flanked by several well-worn easy chairs which Dick had installed for his "firelight books."

"There are a good many books which take to firelight like roast duck to sherry," he was fond of saying. "Take Kipling's yarns or a chuckling Chesterton essay, for example."

It was towards two of these chairs that Dick steered me while discussing the qualities of Mr.

Morley and his Roger. Finally submerged in their leather depths, I took the opportunity of observing my friend carefully. Quite unaware of my scrutiny he let his gaze travel toward the fire-light while he talked in his pleasant, resonant voice.

He was a middle-sized rather thick-set man of about fifty, mild-mannered and unobtrusive in appearance, but with that strange faculty of making himself the center of any group by the simple method of speaking in his quietly arresting yet comfortable tone. He was always neatly if not too stylishly dressed. His tweeds bore that appearance of indescribable masculinity which only slightly worn tweeds of good quality deserve to boast.

Most striking in his appearance were his eyes of a startling sapphire, which in some inexplicable manner were soft and very often veiled with the mist of pipe-dreams or reverie. His hands, like his pencils, were stubby, used to punctuate his thoughts with the slow deliberation of one who delights in handling a well-worn pencil. In his movements there was none of the quick dots and curls common to the lightning flash of a pin-tipped point. Such rapidity would have been entirely out of place in the tranquil atmosphere of his drowsy bookshop and Dick was never incon-

sistent with his surroundings.

As though suddenly conscious of my gaze which by this time had become a penetrating stare, Dick turned the startling blue of his gentle eyes in my direction.

"Well," he said, knocking the ashes from his pipe on the rug, "I hope I haven't bored you with my bookseller's philosophy, my friend."

"Not at all," I said, not having heard a word and rather wishing I had listened more attentively.



To My Miniature

*Deep garnet gem reflects soft light,
Old memories slipping by,
As white-sailed sloop skims through the waves
Or wheeling gulls swift fly.*

*Dull burnished gold is for the dreams
We welded with sweet care.
Fair hopes, desires form the ring—
Life's pattern we would share.*

MARY WINIFRED WILCOX, 38.

First Love

ELLEN CHAFFINCH, '38

I THOUGHT it would never come. Long days of watching and waiting—hours of anxious wondering—minutes of despair—then seconds of suspense that lengthened into eternities. I could hardly believe my eyes. On the hall table the letter awaited me. Jack's firm handwriting, spreading across almost the entire envelope, brought back with a sudden delicious rush the feeling I had been smothering for so long. Eagerly running to the privacy of my room, I tore it open and scanned the familiar writing. Yes. It was just as the other precious letters had been before the awful quarrel—kind and sweet, with a few clever witticisms here and there to tease me, or some subtle compliment appealing to my vanity. He knew just what I liked, always.

Even last spring at the finals I realized that. Didn't he remember everything I said, and didn't he give me little things I wanted? Three times he sent me sweetheart roses, because once I happened to mention how much I loved them. When it rained one day last spring, we read a book together about a poor old man who spent his life looking for happiness. I recall saying, "If he

could have half my happiness, I would still be the happiest person in the world." Laughing, he threw a pillow at me. The corner hit me in the eye, making it all watery and swollen. I shall never forget how beautifully sorry he was and how clumsily he tried to bathe it with hot water. I didn't really mind the pain or even wince once because I knew he was trying to be very gentle, and I wanted him to think I was brave.

On the evening of the big banquet and dance my eye had completely recovered. I felt all-glowy inside. Mother had made a dress especially for the occasion—white with little satin buttons all the way down the front like a fairy-tale dress. My sixteen-year-old heart was overflowing. I even felt like a princess. When someone told Jack he had the prettiest girl at the dance, I was secretly terribly proud. . . . Then it was all over. My train left in an hour.

How I rushed through my packing in order to have as many last moments as possible with Jack! By that time I guess I was feeling awfully tired—a little shaky from so much excitement and trying to act very cool and sophisticated. For no good reason, I just felt disagreeable. What a bad mood I must have been in! We started arguing and I hurt his feelings cruelly, to say nothing of my own. Strange how you can like someone

so much and still be able to say the meanest things in the world to them. I'll never know how I could have left that day without calling back to tell him I didn't mean a word of it. It's funny, too, that he should believe me when I said it didn't make any difference to me whether he ever wrote. There was such a final quiet look in his eyes at the end that he never noticed the tears in my own or knew how raw and hurting I was inside. Because he was always honest and straightforward, he thought I would be the same way. But I was only a girl.

All the way home to the even monotony of the train-wheels I kept saying over and over, "I'm sorry—I'm sorry—I'm sorry," but he didn't know that either. After finally arriving home, I did nothing but cry for two days until Mother made me go to bed. It was impossible to answer her questions. She would just think I had been silly or rude to quarrel with Jack when he had been so nice to me. The trouble was she was right. I wanted to write him but naturally my pride would not permit that.

Now it is all over. Jack understands as I always knew he would. He had to when every night I've prayed so hard. Morning after morning I would wake up with a hopeful feeling, only to be choked with disappointment over and over.

Some days when there would be other letters, for one wild moment I would think they might be from him. I couldn't think about anything else—just reproaching and tormenting and hating myself—living each word and detail through again.

But now the agony and misery has ended in blessed relief. Safely tucked under my pillow was his letter. He writes that he knew I couldn't have meant it all. He says that his Mother wants to meet "his girl"—that's she's going to write my Mother to ask if I may visit them. It seems as if all the worrying and suspense was worth it. Making up is so sweet.

Why do I have this vague uneasiness when I should be perfectly happy? Yes. There is something wrong, some feeling inside of me that makes me stir restlessly. A sharp ache throbs in my head and an even sharper ache in my heart. I feel as if someone were trying to tell me it wasn't real—that I must stop thinking about it. It is true, though—it has to be! Didn't I just read the letter saying everything was forgiven? I know I did. Can I be fainting—floating—drifting? Stop! Someone is taking my letter away. I am reaching for it with a pitiful sob.

My outflung hand stung sharply as it hit the edge of the table beside my bed. The letter was irrevocably gone. The tears that sprang to my

eyes were not wholly from pain. Clinging to some remnant of the happiness I had lost, I stubbornly refused to open my eyes. But I knew with a heavy dull assurance that I had just awakened from a dream.



Mistaken

*I thought that music soft and sweet
Would soothe my heart when you were gone,
The patter of rain upon my roof,
A robin's call in the early dawn.*

*I thought that gold of daffodils
Amid my garden's soft green grass
And showers of peach-blooms drifting down
To brush me lightly as I pass*

*Would touch my heart with happiness
And to my eyes bring welcome tears
To dim the memory of your face
And still your voice through long, long years. . . .*

REGINA BURGAN, '40.

Side Glances in Shop Windows

CATHERINE SACHS, '38

I MAY as well make a frank public confession that I am a window-shopper of the most virulent type. Whether it is cultivated by lack of funds or an unquenchable feminine curiosity I do not know. But the motive does not lessen the guilt.

The window essentially is a barricade against the salesperson's inevitable question or the inside story of "May I help you—?" and that pitifully inadequate reply, "No, thanks, I'm just looking . . ." Being the world's worst shopper, I am quite content to admire a stiff-lashed platinum-haired model coyly arching her painted brows, while displaying the latest Vionnet creation. It is far easier than struggling through the motley crowds to the Sixth Floor Budget Shoppe to endure the excruciating torture of donning misfit upon monstrosity.

It comforts me to find others afflicted with the window-shopping malady—others who, willing to be pushed and pulled, are immune to anything as insignificant as the lady in front whose elongated feather makes a tickling tailspin in your direction. What counts in the long run is that

with patience and perseverance we can be sure that eventually we will edge into a ring-side position.

We ought to start from tops—though, of course, we could have put our best foot forward—and make way for the reflected angles of this season's bonnets. These fascinating creations are not too subtle a hint as to what we may expect from there down. The multitudinous variations of straw, grosgrain and floral tributes, form a picture no artist could paint. If we never *felt* the variations from the ridiculous to the sublime, we are going to be driven now to the last *straw*.

Perched at blinding, death-defying angles the hats range from streamlined models to birds in full flight. From mere nosegays and bouquets adorning the shiny straw, we plunge into the more advanced realm of an entire old-fashioned garden. They are mad and gay, flashing and sombre, veiled and dotted—a conglomeration of left-over materials tossed together with a non-chalant gesture.

After looking them over with a critical eye, we remember that we have a practically new hat from last season reclining in a hat box, always provided it has escaped the ravages of moths and moth balls. If someone has the effrontery to say it resembles a miniature flower-pot then we feel

quite smug in our belief that it is new and up-to-date.

Swinging merrily along, by this time we have discovered what the well-dressed window will be wearing this spring. Looking from the outside in, we realize that not only are prices going up, but that dresses are likewise climbing. Some look as if they had been caught in a rainstorm and are suffering, as a hang-over, a bad case of shrinking. Nevertheless, after we have hemmed and hawed a bit we find ourselves falling right in line. Fashion creates—we imitate. At this stage of the dress parade, by dint of much pushing and shoving, we should be at the head of the glass.

With our nose plastered against the window, we have a particularly choice opportunity to see all within. Perhaps it is a pocketbook which sways from the shoulder, or some antiquated bric-a-brac, or a pair of toeless sandals. Whatever exercises its appeal, we have the best place in this crowd of Standing Room Only. Finally, tired and disheveled, we summon will power and man power enough to battle our way out of the throng. Next to a football game, window-shopping, we firmly believe, boasts a higher mortality among the rooters than any other national outdoor sport.

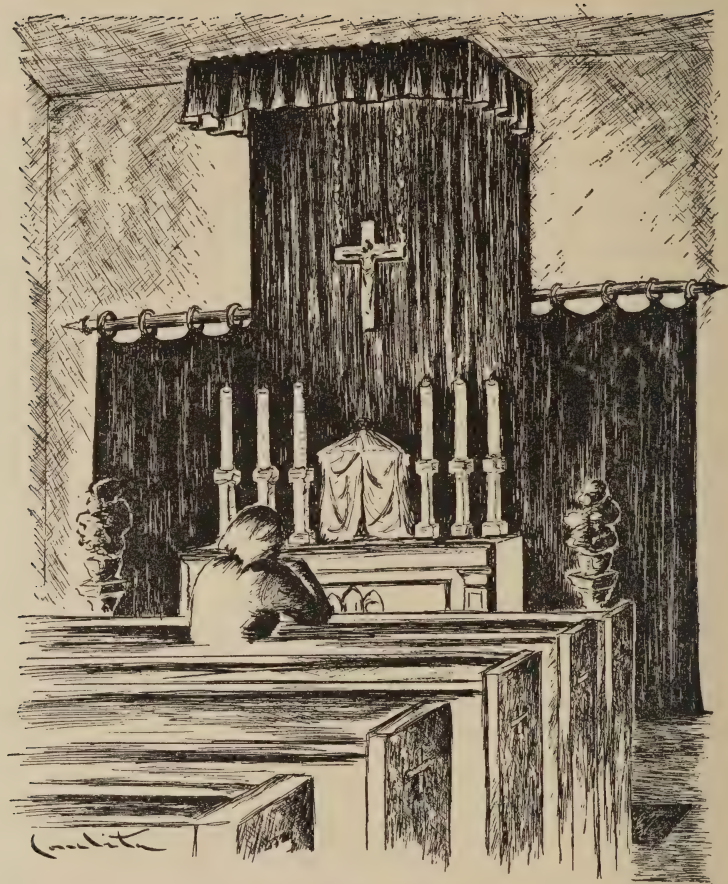
Moonlight Beauty

*Amethyst petals
Softly caressed
By the silver hand
Of the midnight moon—*

*A slim birch drenched
In shining light
By a quiet lake
Where stars are strewn—*

*Dogwood blossoms
In night-blackened trees
Glisten, moon-whitened
With lustrous shoon.*

FRANCES SMITH, '40.



COLLEGE CHAPEL

A Senior Meditates

AVE MARIA BURNS, '38

REACHING for the door-knob of the chapel, I felt a warm glow welling up from the region of my heart. As has happened so many times before, the first glimpse of the tiny white tabernacle set among soft blue velvet drapes, brought with it a silent peace. The tiny house of God, the college chapel, once more appeared to me as a haven of understanding and tranquillity. I slipped into the first pew and slowly bowed my head, enjoying with momentary pleasure the utter relaxation that a few minutes with God can bring.

No formal prayers came to my lips but my heart sought with child-like faith the comfort of spiritual reverie. As I gazed at the simple perfection of the altar, my thoughts began to wander. I found myself reminiscing with God.

The student body as a whole came to my mind. I thought of the sincere effort the new Student Board had made to serve to the best of its ability as a uniting force among the school organizations. Hoping that future classes would profit by the first stumbling but honest attempts of seventeen girls to work together for the good of all of us, I suddenly became aware that I had been

twisting the school ring round and round on my finger.

The seal on the ring reminded me of the shield in Le Clerc Hall that so simply adorns the center of the stage. As I looked at this small reproduction of the shield, I mused thoughtfully over the flower of Our Lady and the cross of Maryland, all symbols of the virtues of Christian education. How many of us will remain loyal to the challenge of this symbolism?

The large white seal in Le Clerc has seen us through many dramatic attempts. *Joyous Season*, one of the first truly Catholic plays we had produced, brought back vivid impressions of the character of the young Sister. *Sing Song* night saw that same seal practically torn from its moorings as shouts of intense enthusiasm and good-fellowship reached to the ceiling. I added a half-whispered prayer that every girl who cheered that night would never cease to pass along the spirit that emanated from that group—the living spirit of loyalty, generosity, fine sportsmanship.

Abruptly, thoughts turning to friends of mine, I wondered whether time would permit me to keep secure those happy bonds formed in four years of college. At least, memory would always treasure them. Even though they might change, there was always the comforting ideal of the

Changeless Friend before whom I knelt, the center of our life here and always. I thanked Him for the friendship and companionship the years had brought; for the successes that encouraged me, and for the failures because they made the small triumphs so much the sweeter. I offered my humble gratitude for all things here at Notre Dame. Thoughts of the future stopped my prayer—thoughts of the swift approach of the time when this chapel would no longer be mine just for the turning of a door-knob. Many miles would separate us! Many doors would shut between us!

The warm glow that had overcome me as I entered the chapel still lingered as my thoughts went tripping from person to person, from occasion to occasion, and brought back an even more satisfactory warmth. Alternately, surges of loyalty to my school, affection for familiar places and people, admiration for those who have guided, took possession of me. The spirit of a young graduate was strong in my heart—my ties to college were being fast intertwined with anything the future might hold in store. But for these fleeting moments, the past held me close. Like an eager, grateful child fleeing to the haven of its mother's arms, I wanted only to linger in the warmth of Alma Mater's gentle embrace.

Gentleman of the Road

JANE EDELEN, '39

HEINZ was a transient, a veritable Robin Hood of the Highways. None of this collar and leash, once-a-week-bath existence for him. He liked the feel of swiftly-moving road beneath his travel-wise and calloused feet. By the uninitiated it might be mistakenly held that he led a dog's life, but to Heinz the life of the vagabond was a highly perfected art. He owed no man allegiance and he gloried in his independence, reveling in the blessed warmth and multitudinous sweet scents of late spring.

Nor could it exactly be said that he existed from paw to mouth. In him were the makings of a super-sleuth. He could unerringly unearth the most choice of abandoned bones. Some canny instinct invariably led him to the most hospitable kitchen door in the town. One glance from those liquid brown eyes with their premeditated pleading and studied wistfulness would send a heart of stone running for a heaping plate. Lean days he had known and the toe of a boot was not unfamiliar to him, but experience had taught him tolerance, never cynicism. Because of this knowledge, he adhered to an iron-bound code of his own de-

vising. He always politely scratched on a door before entering. After licking a last delicate morsel, he would roll over to demonstrate wholehearted appreciation. Then, stretching luxuriously, he would amble off to parts unknown, a great plume-like tail waving in his wake. . . .

All the pent-up courtesy innate in Heinz's huge being caused him to cease pursuit of a hapless flea in the region of his left ear as he watched the tiny little Pekingese tug gamely at a bone half her size.

Heinz cleared his throat, a trifle self-consciously.

"Isn't that a little too unwieldy for you, ma'am?"

The Pekingese sighed with astonishing friendliness.

"It's such a beautiful bone—at least a year old. But it is very heavy." Her accents were quite cultured.

"Perhaps I can help you carry it," he offered respectfully. "Were you aiming to take it far?"

"Yes, to my home, please. I really don't think it looks well to be seen eating on the public highway, do you?" Heinz tactfully refused to comment on this scruple.

Complying with her imperious gesture, Heinz picked up the bone ever so meekly and started off

with a long stride. As the Pekingese, gallant little lady though she was, could not keep up with him, Heinz suited his manly steps to her tripping ones. She was such a helpless little thing. Besides it was easier to talk at a slow gait, even though he found it necessary to articulate, somewhat crudely he feared, out of one corner of his mouth. He found that she had never traveled much. This proved a wonderful opportunity for our hero to regale her with tales of hair-breadth adventure. Heinz found himself fairly swaggering when he noticed her silky, molasses-colored hair standing on end at one particularly harrowing detail, which a fertile imagination had just invented.

She interrupted to become a little more personal.

"My name is Twinkle, but my best friends call me Twink. It's because of my eyes, you know."

Heinz gazed soulfully down into her face. His great heart pounded against prominent ribs. Her eyes were like twin brown stars—they sparkled so. She was not as pretty as a cocker spaniel he had once known, nor as vivacious as a certain wire-haired terrier. But she had class. Every step bespoke fine breeding, gentle aristocracy. Heinz knew a lady when he saw one.

"I'm a rather cosmopolitan person." He was

not without pride. "My ancestors come from so many different family trees that they call me Heinz. You may recall a distinguished manufacturing concern that bears my name."

"True," she reflected, as she looked up with adoring inattentiveness, "he isn't exactly handsome like Mrs. Bradley's chow, but he's rugged and yet so kind. The way he holds his head makes him look rather like a knight protecting the lady of his choice." She was really sorry they were at her gate. A marvelous idea occurred to her.

"Won't you come in a while?" she smiled coyly.

Against his better judgment, Heinz followed her in a daze. This wonderful, refined creature actually wanted him to stay longer.

Neither, alas, had reckoned on the sure swift aim of the gardener's heavy boot. Heinz's immediate departure followed, accompanied by a spontaneous undignified yelp. His pride was hurt, but not for long. She was way out of his class—his practical experience on the road should have warned him. Deliberately picking himself up from the gutter, he growled magnificent defiance. This was no place for him. Too stuffy and conservative. Feeling a little sorry for himself, but sorrier for those unfortunates who must sit on

their front doorsteps and watch the world go by, he turned away with quiet resignation, tinged ever so slightly with a fine, careless nonchalance.

Twink barked two piteous little half-whimpers from her secure perch under the gardener's arm, but Heinz, stalking slowly off, never turned his head. If his tail drooped just a little, who is to condemn him for his dreams or reproach him for his memories? Rather let his temporary lapse into gallantry, his urge for culture be commended and his ultimate fickleness forgiven, for this is a man's world and Heinz was the independent type.



Query

*What difference does knowing make?
Is mystery so dear to you
That love should lose its meaning
When it ceases to be new?*

REGINA BURGAN, '40.

Flower-Wagon Time

MARTHA NICHOLSON, '40

THEY spoke of it as being the best thing for her because now she would never suffer again. I did not fully comprehend this part of it. Still very young and impressionable, my grandmother's death left an indelible mark on me.

Flower wagons are drawn through the street at this time of year: geraniums and pansies nod happily from their newspaper wrappings; bachelor's buttons, sweet-william and violets are fragrant with the promise of lovely things; lilacs recline gracefully in huge pails of spring water in the very back of the wagon. It was the season too when we children all pleaded to discard the heavier clothing of winter, replacing it with thin sweaters and knee socks which allowed the warm air to caress our hitherto confined and winter-wrapped legs. At night frail wisps of stars dusted the sky while the crickets began to chorus their unchangeable melody.

It was at this same time of the year that Grandma went to Heaven. Grandma, with her beautiful soft grey eyes, would never tell me any more stories of the "little men" who lived in Ireland. Nor would I hear again of Waumee, a great-

grandmother who wore a little white frilled cap on her red hair.

I first remember Grandma playing "piggies" with my ten new, and then fascinating, toes. Faintly I recall her pulling blue and white socks over them and telling me something about going "bye-bye," a delightful term about which I eventually learned more.

A little glass cup of lemon gelatine Grandma kept for me on the shelf of the cold room. This once-a-week treat was for my Sunday supper, being consumed with great deliberation and untold enjoyment.

Grandma's dog, Jack, was for many years a high spot in my Sunday visits. He was a patient old collie with the most mournful brown eyes in the world—and the greatest relish for drinking tea. In this idiosyncrasy he was as fussy as an old maid, for it had to be creamed and sugared exactly to his taste or not a drop would he condescend to drink.

It was Grandma who loved me—spoiled me—scolded me, with unfailing regularity. With her name she had bequeathed me a deep understanding of her spirit, together with a whole-hearted trust in her every action. She always saved the "Funnies" for me so that there was quite a stack if I had the strength of will to wait until the

end of the month.

An old upright piano with a tone quality as clear and mellow as golden bells still murmurs in my memory. A certain wistfulness seemed to emanate from it, calling up much the same atmosphere of contented resignation as one finds in Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

All these echoes of the past have so fused that every spring with the coming of the flower wagons my heart goes out somewhere to Grandma who is sleeping. Always with the sound of a delicate old piano, I cannot help but think of the "little men" and how they must miss her—even as I will all the days of my life. . . .

Dust

*Time tenderly enfolds old things—
Keepsakes, deserted homes, rare books—
Within a soft gray shroud of dust,
Hidden safe from prying looks.*

*New things are always harsh and cold,
They have not lived, become endeared.
But mellowing years lend subtle charm
And age makes them revered.*

*A dust of silver crowns old heads,
A haze of silver wraps old hearts,
Yet dimming eyes, though blind, can see
Each ghost as it departs.*

*The amethystine dust of dreams
Veils memories from spying eyes
For rapture lives in secrecy—
In revelation, dies.*

AGNES V. BYRNE, '39.

Fulfillment

1888 -- 1938

GRETCHEN CHRISTIAN, '38

THOUGH it bears no date of publication, I know the book is very old. For the gilt-edged pages have faded to a brittle, rust-brown at the corners. Between the thick covers, tiny print enforces a tempo of reading better suited to the mood of another generation. The book is entitled, *The Works of William Shakespeare*, but skipping hastily through the contents, I instinctively hesitate over the inscription scrawled in familiar writing across a blank page. Two dates are penned there in a rounded heavy hand. 1888-1938.

1888 . . . Late afternoon in June and the quiet little village lies submissive under the heavy hand of heat. Blinds are closely drawn in front parlors facing on the dirt street where the slightest breeze raises suffocating dust clouds. A group of men in round straw hats have opened their collars, tying handkerchiefs around sun-reddened throats, while they stop to chat in front of the barber shop. Although it is Saturday afternoon, the yards are barren of the usual throng of noisy children for the mothers have taken their young-

sters to bathe in the lake. Under the shady willows the women-folk will unloose high-necked shirtwaists, busying themselves with needlework and gratefully inclining toward an occasional fluttering breath of air. Intermittent shrill warnings directed toward paddling offspring interrupt the monotony of a constant buzz of gossip.

"Land sakes, I hope we have a break in this terrible heat before the contest tonight." Mrs. Burke mopped her ruddy brow with the back of a plump hand. "They say Banker Williams is donating a real handsome prize. My Johnny has been practising day and night and he just has his heart set on winning it."

"Your Johnny's not the only one," another woman tartly rejoined.

"Pretty near all the town will be in the hall and some folk are driving way in from the country for it. I wouldn't be a mite surprised if we ran into some heavy weather afore night," her neighbor offered.

Miss Ada Suffren, whose claim to an aristocratic background lay solely in an imposing pince-nez, leaned forward confidentially.

"I was in the store today and what do you think I saw?" She paused to make sure of everyone's undivided curiosity. "Mrs. Johnson buying a pair of shoes for David. Law! That boy hasn't

had a piece of leather on his feet come March since the day he was born. That woman always did have ideas above her station. Buying shoes in springtime, and her so poor, too! Nothing but sheer wastefulness."

A vagrant thought that the polished black shoes were glistening with perspiration made Dave grin to himself as he wiggled his imprisoned toes. Stiff shoes presented an incongruous contrast to the informality of his dirty, freckled nose, short-sleeved shirt, and torn pantaloons. From a seat on the back step he could watch his mother working in the kitchen. Her face looked drawn with heat as she carried heavy flat-irons from the stove to the ironing board. The way her faded dress opened at the throat exposed all the tiny bones in her neck, while her dark hair, already streaked with gray, lay in damp wisps on her forehead.

Davey whittled away with a blunt pocket knife on a willow whistle, keeping up a cheerful chatter all the while.

"You should have heard all the big words I found in the dictionary when I was writing my speech. You won't hear them tonight, though, because Miss Wood took them all out. Shucks! I could have learnt to say them. Say, Ma, I won-

der what the prize will be. Wouldn't it be swell if it was a shotgun?"

"Whoever heard of a shotgun for a prize at an oratorical contest! It'll most likely be some nice book." Her voice sounded thin and weary. "And don't you go counting your chickens. You haven't won that prize yet."

"I don't know as I want to be a lawyer anyhow like my speech says. You can't help hurting some people even when you're aiming to help others. Johnny Burke is talking on how he's going to be a big politician. I don't think I'd like that either. They're always picking silly fights. I think I'd rather be a hunter and live in the woods. Why did you make me write on being a lawyer when I grow up, Ma?"

"Because I want you to have a fine education and improve yourself. If you could only win tonight, I'd be awful proud of you. There, now, your trousers have a nice crease even if they are a speck shiny in the rear, and I've just dampened down your Sunday shirt." Straightening up with a visible effort, she walked to the doorway. "David, you aren't ever going to get those shoes broken in if you sit on the stoop all afternoon. Do you want them to squeak and disgrace me tonight? You're the laziest child I've ever laid eyes on. Imagine a twelve-year-old boy wanting

to be a hunter all his life. Run along now and take a walk." She called querulously after him. "Be sure to be back in an hour for your supper so I can start heating water on the stove for your bath. The contest starts at eight o'clock sharp."

As if he didn't know what time it started after waiting for it so long and practising a whole month! Whistling to old Rover who rose with panting resignation, Dave made his way down the dusty road. Past the weather-beaten frame house where he lived alone with his mother, he sauntered. Past the big Harrison place with its rolling lawns and picket fence, he walked aimlessly with painful steps. He fervently hoped the gang was all swimming or he would probably have to explain his new shoes with ready fists. About to fire a smooth stone at an impudent crow cawing raucously from a tall tree-top, something down the road arrested Dave's attention. Quivers of excitement raced up and down his backbone as he recognized Dr. Moore's horse and buggy standing outside his house. Running down the street as fast as his new shoes permitted, he thought to himself that old Molly harnessed at this time of day could mean only one thing—an emergency call.

Near Molly's patient gray head, he took up a pose of studied nonchalance. In one pocket

among some stray pebbles, pencil stubs, a couple of marbles, wadded string, and a broken sling shot, he found a dirty carrot. The old mare consumed the bribe with relish and tacit understanding. She had not finished munching before Dr. Moore emerged briskly with his coat-tails flying and his little black bag tucked securely under his arm. A pair of piercing blue eyes lighted up when he spied Dave and, pointing his heavy cane, he spoke commandingly.

"Want to see how quick you can drive me out to the O'Rourke farm, Dave?"

This was the invitation for which he had fervently hoped. Unhitching Molly, the boy scrambled into the seat with alacrity and took up the reins. Not until the old horse had been urged into a reluctant trot, leaving the town far behind, did Dr. Moore speak again.

"I just got word Tom O'Rourke cut himself bad chopping wood. I may have to take his leg off. Let me see—are any of his boys grown?"

"No, sir, they're all little ones out there."

"Then I guess you'll have to help me out, son, if it's so bad I have to operate."

"Yes, *sir!*" Dave's eyes shone with excitement and his heart pounded so loud he was afraid Dr. Moore must have heard it.

When he dared glance around, the doctor, clasp-

ing his hands over the top of his cane had rested a bearded chin thereon, and nodded off to sleep. Dave remembered his mother remarking this morning that he had been up all night with Mrs. Sullivan, who was having her first baby. The boy guided Molly carefully around the ruts, maintaining as even a pace as possible.

The sultry beauty of the late-blooming apple blossoms in the orchards, and the fragrance of wild lilac bushes were lost to Davey, so deep was he in his own fascinating ideas. He wondered if it took long to learn medicine. He was a little awe-stricken by the thought that doctors had to remember so much. They could never run look in their books the way lawyers could when they were stumped.

Twisting a little in his seat, he looked at the dozing man with a new respect. The doctor's hands were surprisingly supple for such an old man. People sometimes said he was queer and ill-tempered, but when they were sick they couldn't send for him fast enough. One day Dave had seen him setting the leg of Margie Harrison's cocker spaniel with hands as gentle as a woman's. Forgetting the oppressive heat and the uncomfortable shoes, the youngster formulated a thousand questions he would ask his passenger, but the five-mile journey was completed before the

man awakened.

With sweat pouring off his body and blood-clotted cloths around his right leg, Tom O'Rourke lay in bed, while flies buzzed ominously about the room. Mrs. O'Rourke was weeping helplessly into her apron; her husband cursed with monotonous regularity under his breath until Dr. Moore took charge of the situation. With Dave's help, he managed to move the man, who had finally lapsed into muttering incoherency, onto the kitchen table. Water was heated and sheets torn into strips before the distraught woman collapsed in the parlor.

Placing his hands heavily on Dave's shoulders, the doctor searched the lad's eyes for signs of fear before he spoke briefly.

"Now, son, we'll see how much guts you've got. Wash your hands and give me the instruments as I point to them."

For one awful moment when the doctor exposed the wound, Dave was afraid he was going to be violently ill. His hands trembled uncontrollably until he found courage watching the steady, confident fingers of the doctor. As minutes passed, the boy responded mechanically to the commands of the other, but he could not tear his eyes away from the physician's movements as he wielded scalpel and needle. From a first inclination to

wince at suffering flesh, his attitude changed to a curious detachment, which caused him to consider the flesh and bone, quite apart from the man, as a wonderfully intricate mechanism suddenly injured. The greatest miracle to Dave lay behind the deft hands of the operator, where this apparently mechanical structure was pulsating with a steady life-beat. Dave had lost all conception of time, wiping the doctor's beaded forehead, handing him the instruments, and never ceasing to watch the operation. He did not notice that storm clouds had darkened the room, nor that the speeding seconds had lengthened into an hour. . . .

Davey, stumbling again, cried out involuntarily. By this time the only light came from occasional jagged streaks of lightning. It was after seven when he realized that he was to speak in an oratorical contest at eight. Dave did not dare disturb the doctor who still ministered to his patient. A staggering sense of guilt overwhelmed the boy. What would his mother think? He *had* to get to that town hall by eight.

So he plunged across the fields in a swift-gathering dusk hastened by the approaching storm. By the short cut through the woods, it was only four miles to town. Branches had whipped his face

cruelly. Despite the warmth of the summer day, he was drenched to the skin and shivering with cold. Once he had slipped on a rock, bruising his knee painfully, while the trouser band had fallen half-way down his leg. In desperation, he finally took off his shoes, carrying them clumsily, as he half-ran, half-crawled over fence and stream. He had never been frightened by the dark, and the woods were as familiar to him as his own backyard, but the fury of the storm added to the panic in his heart, already aroused by the fear of disgracing his mother when she had counted so much on him.

When the lights of the town finally flickered in the distance, he was almost completely exhausted. He could hear the clock in the courthouse tower striking. With fearful premonition he counted nine chimes and despair sapped his strength. But still there might be just time. His own house was quite dark. *She* must have gone on to the hall, probably after waiting till the last minute, not knowing what had happened, but hoping against hope for a miracle. There was no time to change his clothes now. They must surely be finished with the other speeches. With a last burst of speed, he raced to the back door of the assembly room and stood panting in the wings of the stage.

The whole town was seated there. A sea of white, upturned faces filled him with cold terror. Seven little boys with hair slicked back and ears scrubbed sat nervously on the stage. One chair was empty. By now Banker Williams stood at the rostrum addressing a few elaborate closing remarks. Dave stood as if turned to stone until he saw his mother in the front row. She was dressed in her black silk dress, with the mother-of-pearl brooch his father had left, pinned at her throat. Her hands were clasped tightly in her lap while her chin was lifted high, but Dave could just see quiet tears she was too proud to wipe away sliding down her cheeks and spotting the front of her dress.

He knew then there was only one thing left to do. Drawing a last trembling breath, he walked out on the stage. When he heard the titters that ran over the audience in little waves, he looked neither to right nor left, but disregarding his muddy disheveled clothes and bleeding scratches, he marched straight up to Banker Williams and tugged at his sleeve.

"I haven't spoken yet, Mr. Williams," he announced in a very small voice that only quavered a little, although he felt certain his legs would buckle under him. The pompous orator in the frockcoat was almost unnerved at the spectacle.

He tried in vain to pick up the thread of his remarks, frowning heavily on this impudent source of annoyance, and then as Davey bravely stood his ground, the man backed helplessly to his seat.

Dave choked with sudden horror. He could not remember one word of his speech. He knew there were a lot of flowery sentences about his ambition to follow the noble profession of law, but those were all gone. Looking down into his mother's white face, he saw her lips moving. He knew she was praying for him even while the tears still flowed. He had to say something.

"Don't cry, mother," he began seriously, "I've been out to the O'Rourke's helping Dr. Moore and I couldn't get here any sooner. It doesn't matter so much if I don't win tonight because today I helped save a man's life. I've forgotten my speech about being a lawyer, but I never did mean it. Now I know. I'm going to be a doctor." Lifting his clear boyish voice, he told the stunned audience calmly about the operation he had witnessed. He went on to explain the thoughts that had filled his mind on the drive out. With phrases rendered vivid by earnest sincerity, he told how much doctors had to know in order to help people out of trouble. He said he guessed he could work his way through college. But because men like Dr. Moore were the

bravest people in the world, he imagined he would have to improve a lot to be anywhere near as fine. Davey never could remember all he had said but he held his listeners spellbound for fifteen minutes.

When he finished, there was a moment of silence in the hall which caused his slim confidence to melt away, leaving only an embarrassed little boy who wanted nothing more than to hide his head in his mother's lap. But she seemed very remote so Davey made his way to the vacant chair on the platform. A crimson flush crept up from his neck to burn his cheeks. Deep inside him every nerve quivered as he began to realize the full enormity of his boldness. Miserably conscious of his appearance, he tucked two dirty bare feet as far under the chair as possible.

It did not take the judges long to decide. Almost immediately they called Davey's mother up on the stage to give her the prize—*The Works of William Shakespeare*—amid a thunderous applause. She smiled at them all politely enough, with triumph shining in her eyes, but she only said to Dave, who crept out of the hall behind her:

“Go home and get out of those clothes, young man. Your supper's set back on the stove. I declare, David, you're a sight to behold!” . . .

That was fifty years ago. Now, in 1938, I hold the same book in my hand. The warmth of late spring breathes the atmosphere of that other June day and Davey lives again—a freckle-faced little boy with tousled dark hair, honest blue eyes—and new shoes. Written below the two dates, the inscription in the front of the volume continues:

For my dear pal, from her old Dad.

I close the covers of the book gently. It is very dear.



Agnus Dei

*You were so shy
And stumbling
In the blue-starred fields of Spring;
Fresh-washed and combed,
And tumbling
Down the grass hills of the King.*

*You were so dear
And bounding;
Now the Spring-time has grown old—
And a tender bleat
Is sounding
In the warm dark of a Fold.*

MARTHA NICHOLSON, '40.

Ships That Dock in the Morning

ELIZABETH WHITE, '40

SEEING a big liner dock at New York harbor is not an experience that lends itself to easy description. To begin with, you don't *see* it, you *feel* it. You are part of the scene. You are one with that maddening crowd. Whether you came to greet Great-Aunt Hettie or to gather up an imported canary, suddenly becomes a matter of little importance. From the moment you pass through the gates onto the pier, your mood is charged with the excitement that electrifies the atmosphere. Your pulses pound, your eyes glow, and you know you are wearing an idiotic grin all over your face. You know it, for you can see it reflected on all the beaming countenances around you.

If you are an early bird, you will catch sight of the enormous white hulk of the incoming steamer as it eases up to the dock and comes to rest like some gentle weary monster. So gently is its motion stopped that it is not until you hear behind you the bustle of gangplanks being made ready that you realize the red-letter moment has arrived. The boat is in! From this moment, the ripple of excitement that has been hovering over

the scene rises to a wave of ecstasy, surging back and forth through the gaunt steel pier as though bent on wild destruction. But as you begin to entertain serious doubts about ever seeing order come out of chaos, the abrupt realization is brought to you that there is no chaos. There are quiet little orderly patterns running through the general mad gaiety like the somber background of a too-brilliant tapestry. The easy manner of the waiting officials, the hurried efficiency of the long line of white-coated stewards, the two erect bell-boys at the foot of each gangplank are the only visible signs of the vast inner machinery that is unloading the boat. Yet the onlooker is deeply aware that competence has stepped in to play a leading role in this drama.

If you can withdraw from the excitement for a minute you will notice for the first time the tangy odor of dirty harbor water in your nostrils, and hear the vague hootings of passing boats. Up to now these have been but an integral part of the picture, as has been the overpowering white wall of the liner, towering over all like a floating skyscraper. As you lean over the rail, looking up, up to its topmost deck, and far down to its waterline, you feel yourself standing a bit in awe of such power and magnitude. It *is* a world in itself, and such a self-sufficient one that

you gasp mentally at the thought.

The mood of the merry, jostling crowd will not long allow you to escape into your imaginings, for soon you will turn back your eyes and ears to the strangely familiar scene about you. Quick impressions, like candid-camera shots, flash upon your consciousness,—a young man's face covered with smears of lipstick, an elderly foreign couple trying bewilderedly to cope with passport difficulty, a French poodle being led ashore by an embarrassed ship's officer, a fragrant whiff of scent from a waving handkerchief, orchids on a fur collar,—all are part of the scheme of things. They are inextricably bound up with the docking of a big liner. You do not see them as separate incidents but rather as fascinating bits of action which must be fitted together to create a cross-section of life.

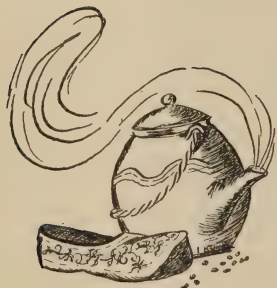
Once Upon a Time . . .

MARTHA NICHOLSON, '40



*Up the stairs and down the hall
In a dark, dark cubby in the wall,
A Chinaman with a lacey fan
Has winked at me since my days began;
And I never knew why at all!*

*I always loved the silent swish
Of his coat that boasted golden fish
And vermillion birds along the hem.
Each of his buttons was a gem;
And he sipped from a carved jade dish.*

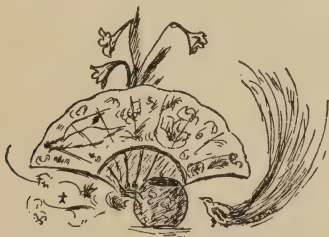


*His padded shoes were embroidered too,
With fragile blossoms—pale, pale blue,
While scarlet threads in a quick bright line
Brought life and a certain satin shine
To his pride, a long black queue.*

*I never knew why he winked at ME
Until a week ago. You see,
The thought of his sustenance occurred,
And how he never could speak a word. . . .
So I knew the wink was a plea!*

*I filled the carven dish to the brim
With fragrant tea for the mandarin
And found some pomegranate seeds,
(To add to my scanty golden deeds),
And left him alone to begin.*

*At night I stopped in passing by;
And from his wise old lacquer eye,
Happy gold twinkles lit his face
And shimmered the fan of ivory lace—
And I know the reason why!*



Spring Finishes Chapter XXII

HELEN FITZSIMONS, '40

OUTSIDE of a splitting headache, Arthur was in the pink of condition. As he pushed the door to his studio open, the pink turned flaming red. His room was *neat*, bearing witness to foul play of the most dastardly sort. His papers had been stacked on his desk. The typewriter was covered and the light fixed in its rightful place. Striding across the room with purposeful mien, he viciously turned the switch. Waterloo! It lit.

"I think I did a very good job of it." This smug statement danced up to his unbelieving ears from an amazingly meek voice. Art gazed at the small young woman, audaciously curled up in his private chair.

"You undoubtedly did a very miraculous job of it, but, if I am not overly bold, to whom am I indebted for this destruction?"

"It's a long story. Besides I think you are too wise to believe it, Mr. Kean, so I won't bore you with details. I'm the answer to your subconscious prayers. You do need a housekeeper, don't you? Why did you advertise for a secretary?" She seemed gently reproachful.

"Because I wanted one. Do you claim to be 'it'?"

"I wouldn't say offhandedly whether or not I qualify. But my name is Jane O'Connell and besides having the necessary background, I have just finished writing some wonderful references for myself. So I rather think I ought to be 'it'."

Arthur Kean was an intelligent young man. He knew worth even when it insisted upon straightening up his studio for him so Jane was elected forthwith. . . .

During the next several days Art worked steadily on his latest *successful* novel. The adjective was simply a foregone conclusion. He was a capable author who understood his characters. One day he asked Jane for a typed copy of all he had dictated from the time she started working for him. Wordlessly, she complied. The smooth-typed sheets looked very attractive—with scarcely a single ugly erasure to mar their pristine beauty. So when the irate voice of her employer came hurtling across the room, when the glass paper-weight was heard to smash unmusically on the floor, Jane began to wonder if something was displeasing the head of the firm.

"If you would stop brandishing that letter opener so murderously, I might gather up enough

courage to come over and see if I've done something wrong!" She made herself heard above the din.

"Who do you think you are—" in cutting accents.

"Jane—"

"Don't answer me! What do you mean by changing my story? Don't answer me! How dare you rewrite my work? Do you think you are capable of criticising, of editing my novel? Don't answer me!" That the menacing voice had subsided from a threatening shout to a dangerous calm provoked only more terror in the culprit.

"I think, Mr. Kean, you are wasting time asking questions if you do not expect an answer." Although she spoke with as much cool dignity as she could muster, Jane could feel her knees bruising each other while a cold feeling zyllophoned on her backbone. Courageous ancestry alone kept her voice steady, thinking as she was of her father's favorite speech, on being descended from Irish royalty.

"Why you—you—well, what have you to say? What words could you possibly find to explain this heinous crime? Don't you use any of your woman's wiles on me, young lady!"

"If you would only read calmly, you would find the little changing I did is for your own

good. You must realize I have your best interests at heart, my dear employer and wielder of the pen. Women's wiles! Fiddlesticks! It takes a woman's logic to discover you cannot kill off your heroine's maiden aunt on the thirty-second page when you so obviously mean her to play Cupid on the hundred and fourteenth page." Jane, talking very rapidly, lost what breath fright had left in her possession.

"Hmmm. I never did think of that angle. But what makes you so sure that was my intention, Miss O'Connell, when I have completed only ninety-eight pages?" Arthur picked up his manuscript reverently from the wastebasket where it had slumped, cowed and discouraged.

"If you have a corner on genius in this firm, you might allow me the privilege of a little common sense. You see, I've read your stories before, Mr. Kean, under pressure. The sequence of events is so well known to me that I think I could recite up to Chapter XXII verbatim. I must give you credit for some slight originality toward the end."

"Do you mean to insinuate that I write in a pattern?"

Temperamental Vesuvius was erupting again. Even after tact and well-placed flattery had won out, life looked as though it was going to be

somewhat complex. College had never fitted Jane for wordy battles with a proud but unfortunately not struggling young author.

Then Spring came. According to Arthur's formula, Spring was the time for youth, beauty and love. Of these elements he composedly wrote, never realizing that fog, rain and cold were playing tricks out of season. He supposed that the great outdoors was as sublimely beautiful as his descriptions. Rudely was he disillusioned, for he had never had a secretary who was susceptible to grippe before. Life suddenly looked very dull—exceedingly, realistically prosaic—through the rain-curtain over his window. The studio commenced to adopt a protesting and unkempt appearance. Arthur ignored his typewriter to sulk in the window seat, puffing furiously at a well-worn pipe. What human right has any competent stenographer to get ill in the middle of Chapter XXII?

After the first phone message he had heard nothing from Jane. To his surprise, Art began worrying about her. So unaccustomed was he to think of another, that at first he decided it was about himself he was concerned—that is, the progress of his book. Anyone could have enlightened him. Finally he tore through his papers in search of her address. After working himself

into a frenzy, he decrescendoeed into calm despair, and crescendoeed into wildness again. Suddenly he received the bright idea of looking in his address book. There, in Jane's neat backhand script were all his necessary addresses carefully arranged. Her own was included.

The florist at the corner grew indignant and volubly foreign as the good-looking young man ordered an unheard of conglomeration of all the spring flowers in the world. The collection proved to be varied, to say the least, and the artist's soul of the florist was outraged—a grief only assuaged by a large bill.

As grippe goes, Jane's went in time—in time to greet some really traditional spring weather. Art began to think that perhaps the poets were not such liars after all. May had its points, which he and Jane lost no time in investigating. This should have been inspiring weather to create in great leaps and bounds. Sadly enough, though, the vital Chapter XXII was neglected, showing its indignation by becoming wrinkled and prematurely gray.

Jane faithfully reported for work on the dot each morning but somehow the young author needs must search diligently for new ideas in the park or on the Hudson. One morning, however, the secretary remained adamant.

"Shame on you, mighty wielder of the pen! Chapter XXII looks terrible. It doesn't even show promise of a satisfactory conclusion. What in the world are you going to do to solve the mess your hero and heroine are in?"

"As far as I can see from the way things are going there's only one ending logical enough to appeal to the feminine brain. And that, slave-driver, you know as well as I."

Jane was very busy with her pencil and paper. Her voice was distinctly muffled.

"Start dictating, whatever it is."

"We'll just marry them off and have them live happily ever after. Would you?"

The statement was ambiguous enough to cause a blush and the careful words:

"This is your book. You'll have to write the finish in your own way."

With his usual efficient dispatch Arthur lost no time in closing the book effectively.



LAST VIEW

Outward Bound

I

*The world is waiting for you—
a world
of strange, fascinating things:
Far away ports,
England, Cuba, France,
where you will weave new dreams
and realize old ones;
a desk laden with smudgy-marked papers;
around it
small faces looking up, up to you;
for others
the more peaceful contentment
of red geraniums on cottage window sills—
gardens colored by wild joy
and sun-ripened flowers.*

II

*You hear its call
clearly—in this, your girlhood port,
yet you hate to listen.
For your little world is full, serene
and well-planned.
Life,
though very intriguing,
is frightening too.*

III

*But your clean-sailed ship is restless,
driven
by the spell of adventure
of new shores
and unknown faces.*

IV

*So you go—
at the very last,
more reluctant than you thought.
May you be happy
and your searching be rewarded.
May all your elusive dreams come true.*

FRANCES SMITH, '40.

